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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

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THE UNDUTIFUL SENTRY

"Who goes there?"
"Bad Unworkable Bill!"
"Pass——bad unworkable Bill"

BY SID TREEBY

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "NEW YORK" Ballet, LYDIA KYASHT, etc. LOUIS CALVERT and Co. in "Wilkin's Micawber," HUNTING in the SHIRES on the Bioscope, and Varieties. Evgs., at 8. BOXING DAY, THE FOLLIES Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"

—PISTOL (*modified*)

High Policy

THE change of Indian capitals struck us as rather an important matter. So also seemed it to strike many of those average citizens whom we make it our daily business to study. Not all of us understood quite what was at the back of the King-Emperor's official mind in abandoning the shrine of Kali for the seat of the Moguls. The change involves an expenditure of six millions or so; Delhi possesses at present none of the appurtenances of an official capital. There was clearly, therefore, no sordid commercial motive, or a motive of expediency at all. There was imagination behind the change, also high policy.

***

Autonomy for India?

The general sentiment among the ill-informed is that it foreshadows the formation at some future time of a Federal self-governing State in place of the present government by the Viceroy in Council. India will, in fact, become a self-contained, self-supported, and, perhaps, a self-defended State, even as are South Africa, Canada, and Australia. Being national rather than Imperial patriots here, and believing that an Englishman's first duty is to his own native land, I am not terribly alarmed at the prospect of a self-contained India, and at the ultimate chance of the flower of our native army being kept in our own country, especially in view of contingencies that need not, at this season of peace and goodwill, be further indicated.

***

The Press and the Change

Granted, therefore, that the change of India's capital is an event of capital importance. The day after the revelation, one picked up one's daily organ of superficial opinion to find — that the Princess Royal had been wrecked (quite safely, I am glad to say, if by no means agreeably) off Tangier; that Queen Alexandra had visited the *Evening News* Doll Show; that the British spy had been sentenced in Germany; that a French nurse had given her life to save three children; and that the Insurance Bill, though it had passed Parliament, had by no means passed our contemporary.

WE APOLOGISE, BUT—

His late Portuguese Majesty, Dom Manoel, does pose so very pleasantly before the camera, and looks so very agreeable in his English sporting attire, that we cannot resist publishing yet another of his photographs. The arm in which his own is linked is that of Earl Howe, his host at the Christmas shooting-party at Gopsall, Leicestershire

Gone to the Dolls!

One gleaned that everything was going on in the world save the great question of the change of the government of India. That had stopped dead. Interest in it had, presumably, been shipwrecked along with the Princess Royal; it had gone to the dolls with Queen Alexandra; to gaol with the German spy; to death with the heroic nurse; and to perdition with the Insurance Bill. Anyway, it was out of it—a back number, a dead "story," and before it was one day old! Poor India. Poor King-Emperor. Poor Empire. Poor British public, and rich, rich British halfpenny Press.

***

Bad Form

Talking of Doll Shows, such affairs do not strike me as exactly an ideal form of journalistic enterprise. If, however, any journal is entitled to the credit for their exploitation to good charitable purpose, it is *Truth*. It is a pity, therefore, that the great Harmsworthian heart did not beat in the direction of something more original. To take *Truth's* idea, and also the very day of its Albert Hall exhibition, for a show of its own at Bayswater was not worthy of the reputation of the *Evening News*. It is too late now for *Truth* to enjoy the full measure of public sympathy this year, but I rather suspect that next year will make amends. The British public *does*, after all, love fair play, and has a wholesome dislike for imitation.

***

Bunkerdom in Earnest

In *Black and White* of December 9, there is a picture entitled, "Westward Ho! a bird's-eye view of the golf links where next year's Amateur Championship will be played off." The picture shows a broad expanse of arable and pasture-land accurately divided up into fields by trim hedges—a typical stretch of West Country farm-land. There is never a tee, a green, or a bunker in sight anywhere. If the man who has been going about doing holes in one were asked to give an exhibition of the way in which he holes out from the tee on a course like this, it would make him think a bit. Here, too, one can picture Vardon doing another nine. But apparently our contemporary has got hold of a picture of the venue of the ploughing championship by mistake.

Seats and their Mighty

It is rumoured that prominent members of the Ministry are to vacate their "safe seats" to make an attack on Liverpool. The "safe seats" need not worry. They will—when the "attack" is over—be soon once again those of the mighty. Of cities least likely to be impressed by attempts to stampede them into changing their political complexion, Liverpool is one as Manchester is another. One remembers what happened, in the latter case, when Mr. Lloyd George used undue influence to help Mr. Churchill. Also what happened to Mr. Bonar Law.

***

"Yes-No" Attitude

Mr. Asquith has not left us long without an answer to "Journeyman's" question whether he did not sometimes himself answer "Yes—No" to a political poser. That is exactly what he seems to have replied to the latest Suffrage challenge. As himself, he says "No;" as Prime Minister he says—well—m'yes! Otherwise, that it is for the people to decide. Why, by the way, is the Suffrage the one question on which the Premier is good enough to admit that the "people" have a right to pronounce? Is it not quite as important that we should say whether we want our women to lick stamps in our homes as to say whether they shall make crosses in polling-booths?

***

The Sorrows of Being Schulz

I am very sorry indeed for the British spy who is now sentenced. But, somehow, my blood boils but slowly when I find the iniquities of my country summed-up in the one word "Schulz." One feels that the prison in which he is expiating his offence might, but for a bare accident, quite easily have been a British one. Espionage, I believe, is a craft in which the motive is pay rather than *pays*, and the best spy is he who is not particular what nationality he may have to assume for the job in hand.

***

"The Bystander" and Winter Sport

With a view to testing the health-restoring properties of a spell amid the Alpine snows, we are despatching a special commissioner to a specially selected resort. In order that by the time he arrives in the Alps he may be an interesting case for the cure, he is at present undergoing a carefully prepared course of overwork and brain-fag. What he writes he will write in the issue next following his arrival in the heights, viz., that published on January 3.

The Bystander Cigarette Ends in—Smoke!

ENDS, that is to say, so far as the Editor is concerned. THE BYSTANDER Cigarette has been introduced to our readers, and its future lies in their hands; also, I hope, in their lips. Its end is smoke.

Let us recapitulate—lest there be those who may not altogether understand what the thing is that we have done.

A young firm of cigarette specialists had a cigarette of special quality which they wished to bring before the public. They hit on the idea of borrowing, for experimental purposes, the name of this paper. Subsequently, the action came to our notice, and we gave it publicity in our columns. We made it clear that we had no objection to a cigarette bearing our name, provided the quality was one of which we approved. As a result of this announcement, we were boldly invited to "sample" the cigarettes sent us, and asked, if they had our approval, to concede the use of our name. We concurred with the request, and were bound, in honesty, to confess that we *did* find the cigarette to our taste. Before conceding the use of our name, however, we suggested that our readers be themselves invited to "sample" the cigarette.

The manufacturers, with generosity and public spirit, promptly made us an offer to submit the cigarette to our readers through the medium of our Christmas Number, and to this we readily agreed.

I confess that we expected the public would be interested in the offer; also that it would have the highly desirable effect of making THE BYSTANDER even more than usually talked about. But that we had such an enormous number of cigarette-smoking readers is a revelation to us, as it should be also to our advertisers.

The invitation to "sample" has been taken up with enthusiasm by thousands of our readers, including among them members of the aristocracy, the clergy, the Navy, the Army, and the universities and the medical and legal professions, as well as by members of the general reading (and smoking) public, including among them a rather surprising number of ladies, also (though this is strictly confidential) a number of Public Schoolboys.

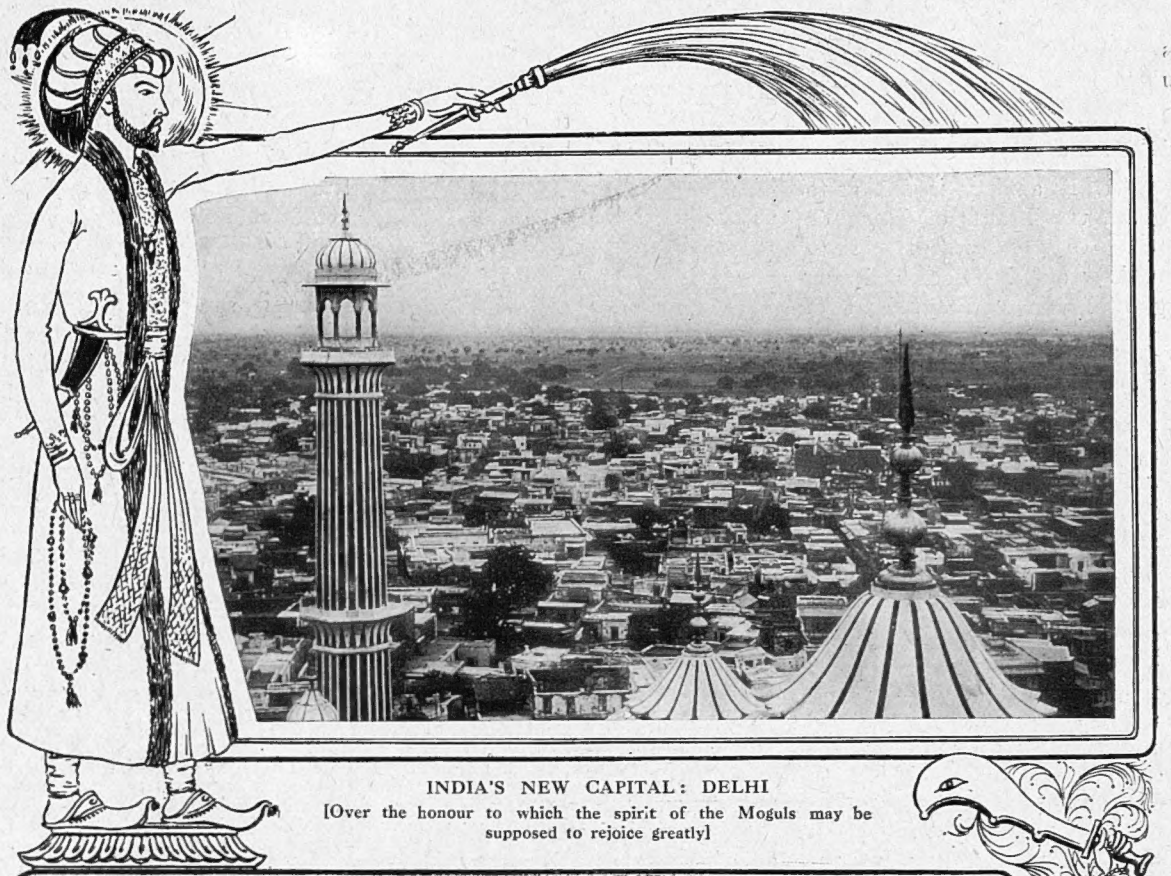
And now as to the future. THE BYSTANDER Cigarette is now known to our readers; it is for them to smoke it or not to smoke it. All we are editorially concerned with is to make it our personal business to see that the quality of the cigarettes as sold is equal to the samples, so that there is no chance of deterioration so long as the cigarettes bear the name and cover-design of this paper.

Announcements as to where the cigarettes are to be obtained direct will appear in future in our advertisement columns.

Here we leave the matter, content that we have at all events convinced many of our readers that as THE BYSTANDER is judge of a joke, he is also judge of a smoke.

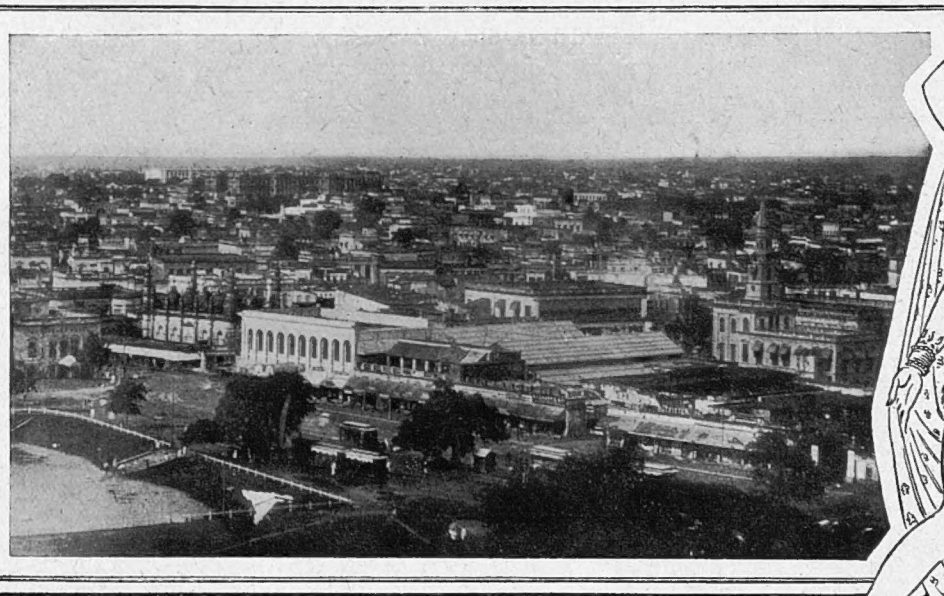
India Makes a Capital Change

FOR THE CITY OF THE MOGULS, IF NOT FOR THAT OF KALI



INDIA'S NEW CAPITAL: DELHI

[Over the honour to which the spirit of the Moguls may be supposed to rejoice greatly]



INDIA'S DEPOSED CAPITAL: CALCUTTA

[Over the dishonour to which the patron goddess Kali is presumably in a state of great dejection]

By Imperial Proclamation, the Emperor of India has made Delhi, instead of Calcutta, the capital of British India. There is grief in Calcutta (which derives its name from the goddess Kali—see right—whose shrine still exists in the south of the city) and proportionate joy in Delhi, formerly the capital of the Mogul Empire. The change is to be approved on the ground of sentiment, but it certainly involves a serious departure from the traditional policy of the Government of India, and there are likely to be stormy debates on the subject when His Majesty returns from India

Charles Sykes.

Aux Lorgnettes

A BYSTANDER'S PEEPS AT PASSING PERSONALITIES

The Illness of Lord Hertford

MUCH anxiety is felt as to the health of Hugh de Grey Seymour, sixth Marquis of Hertford, Baron Ragley, Baron Conway, Earl of Hertford, Viscount Beauchamp, and Earl of Yarmouth, upon whom a serious operation was recently performed. The Marquis, who is a cadet of the Seymours, Dukes of Somerset, has only of late years been able to reside at Ragley Hall, his splendid Warwickshire seat, for it is one of the most expensive of country houses to keep up, and the great wealth his family once enjoyed has vanished, a former marquis having willed practically the whole of his immense fortune away from his successor in the title. Lord Hertford was for a short period Comptroller to the Royal Household, and once represented Warwickshire in the Conservative interest. His heir is the Earl of Yarmouth, of theatrical fame, but not of fortune.

MARQUIS OF HERTFORD

Photograph *Lafayette*

Who is seriously ill

LADY MOYA BROWNE

Photograph *Lafayette*

Engaged to Mr. Allan Campbell, of the Coldstream Guards

A Christmas Engagement

Concurrently last week with the announcement that the much-talked-of engagement of Lady Helen Grosvenor and Sir Hill Child was "off" came the news of yet another—that of Lady Moya Melisende Browne and Mr. Allan Campbell—on. Lady Moya, Irish by name as well as nature, is only just nineteen. She is the second of Lord and Lady Altamont's three daughters, and, though she has not, as yet, had much opportunity of proving the fact, inherits from her father, one of the cleverest of amateur actors, his *penchant* for play-acting. Lord Altamont is heir to the marquisate of Sligo, the earldom of Clanricarde, and the barony of Monteagle. He should be pleased his daughter is marrying a soldier (Mr. Campbell is in the Coldstream Guards), for he himself was the keenest of his trade and served through the Afghan War as captain of the 12th Bengal Cavalry.

Lord Lamington in Persia

Das wanderblüt probably flows in the veins of Charles Wallace Alexander Napier Cochrane Baillie, second Baron Lamington, who is planning a visit to Persia in order to study the general situation on the spot, for his grandfather was an admiral, and his great-grandfather that famous admiral of the Blue, Sir Alexander Cochrane, son of Lord Dundonald. And Lord Lamington himself, though he has only just completed his half-century, has seen his share of the world. A former private secretary of Lord Salisbury, he was Governor of Bombay from 1901 to 1907, and before that was Governor of Queensland.

A Literary Ancestry

Lord Lamington's father, the first Baron, was an intimate of Disraeli, who immortalised him (more or less) in "Coningsby," under the name of Buckhurst. He was related to the famous Lord Dundonald, and was himself a novelist, a Parliamentarian, and the author of some piquant memoirs entitled "The Days of the Dandies." Lady Lamington, who is a daughter of the late Lord Newlands, is an extra

LORD LAMINGTON

Photograph *Lafayette*

Who is shortly to visit Persia with Lady Lamington

Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen. She is to accompany her husband to Persia, which Lord Lamington—a keen sportsman, by the way—will probably enter from the north, proceeding to Teheran by way of Resht.

Gracious Guests From Greece

Photograph Lallie Charles

PRINCESSES OLGA, ELIZABETH, AND MARIE
Daughters of Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece

Prince Nicholas of Greece is the third son of the King of the Hellenes. He is nearly forty years of age, and is married to the Russian Grand Duchess Helen-Vladimirovna, who is ten years younger. Princess Nicholas has beautiful features and a graceful figure, and her taste in dress is perfect. She is very devoted to her three little girls, Princess Olga, aged eight; Princess Elizabeth, aged seven; and Princess Marie, aged five

T.R.H. PRINCE AND PRINCESS NICHOLAS OF GREECE
Who are now on a visit to England. Like King George of Greece himself, and others of the Grecian Royal family, they spend much of their time away from their own country

Personalities of the Various Arts

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER

Soon (Thank Goodness) to be again without a Beard

The Bourchier Beard

Of the Bourchier beard I become, I confess, a little weary. But it belongs to dramatic history, and as such must, I suppose, be recorded on the annals. A week ago it was rumoured that Mr. Bourchier was to grow a long white beard, and, attracted doubtless by the £1 a week pay, to join the chorus of old men in Professor Reinhardt's *Miracle* at Olympia next week. Latest bulletins, however, falsify this statement, for it is now declared, alleged from the source direct, that Mr. Bourchier is bored with his beard, and intends, as soon as *Macbeth* is over, to cut it off. (For which small mercy let us be truly thankful.) Mr. Bourchier will probably, however, go down to fame all the same as the bearded and quite excellent King Henry VIII. of uncurbable amoristic tendencies, for all that he has done a thousand other very nearly as good things. His wife is, of course, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, stateliest of Catherine of Aragons. He lives in Langham Street, has a cottage on Bushey Heath, goes in for sport of all kinds, has written quite a lot, belongs to such clubs as White's, the Garrick, Beefsteak, Lord's, and the Zingari, and is an M.A. Oxon.

The Man of the Moment

Is undoubtedly Reinhardt, Professor Max Reinhardt, Director of the highly modern German Theatre, Berlin, and creator of the exquisite *Sumurûn*, which was, it seems, but a slim and slight forerunner of those much greater things to come—*The Miracle*, which is to be produced on Saturday at Olympia, and *Œdipus Rex*, the great Socratian tragedy which, with Mr. Martin Harvey and Miss Lillah McCarthy in the cast, is to be produced in a metamorphosised Grecian Covent Garden in the New Year. Professor Reinhardt, who is a dark, clean-shaven, plump-faced young man of Hebraic descent, looks younger than his years, which are not yet forty. His ideas on the subject of stage-craft out-Gordon Craig by a very long chalk, and with this most modern of pageant-producers, there is no

PROF REINHARDT

Whose "Miracle" has been itself a Miracle of Booming

pandering to the Philistine. In Berlin, where matters artistic are so far advanced, yet where the mass of the people are Philistinism incarnate, he is the rage. How he will "take" here remains to be seen, for we are a vastly conservative people.

"Œdipus Rex"

According to Mr. Martin Harvey, who ought to know, *Œdipus Rex* will be one of the most thrilling experiences for the audience that may be imagined. On the stage, as near as possible to the audience, will be the black marble front of Œdipus's Palace, upon the steps of which will beat a great white light, into which, from the extreme end of the stalls, along a raised gangway, as in *Sumurûn*, the actors will slowly file. There is to be no curtain, and it won't be a bit of good putting on your new frock or your diamonds, *chère* madame, for the house will be in semi-darkness when you arrive and all the time you stay there. The Olympian spectacle is, on the other hand, to be enlivened by Humperdinck's music, the stage-setting to be the interior of a huge cathedral, which, in accordance with Professor Reinhardt's passion for truth, is very nearly solid, while all the properties are nearly four times life-size to suit the vastness of Olympia.

Keeper of the Royal Academy

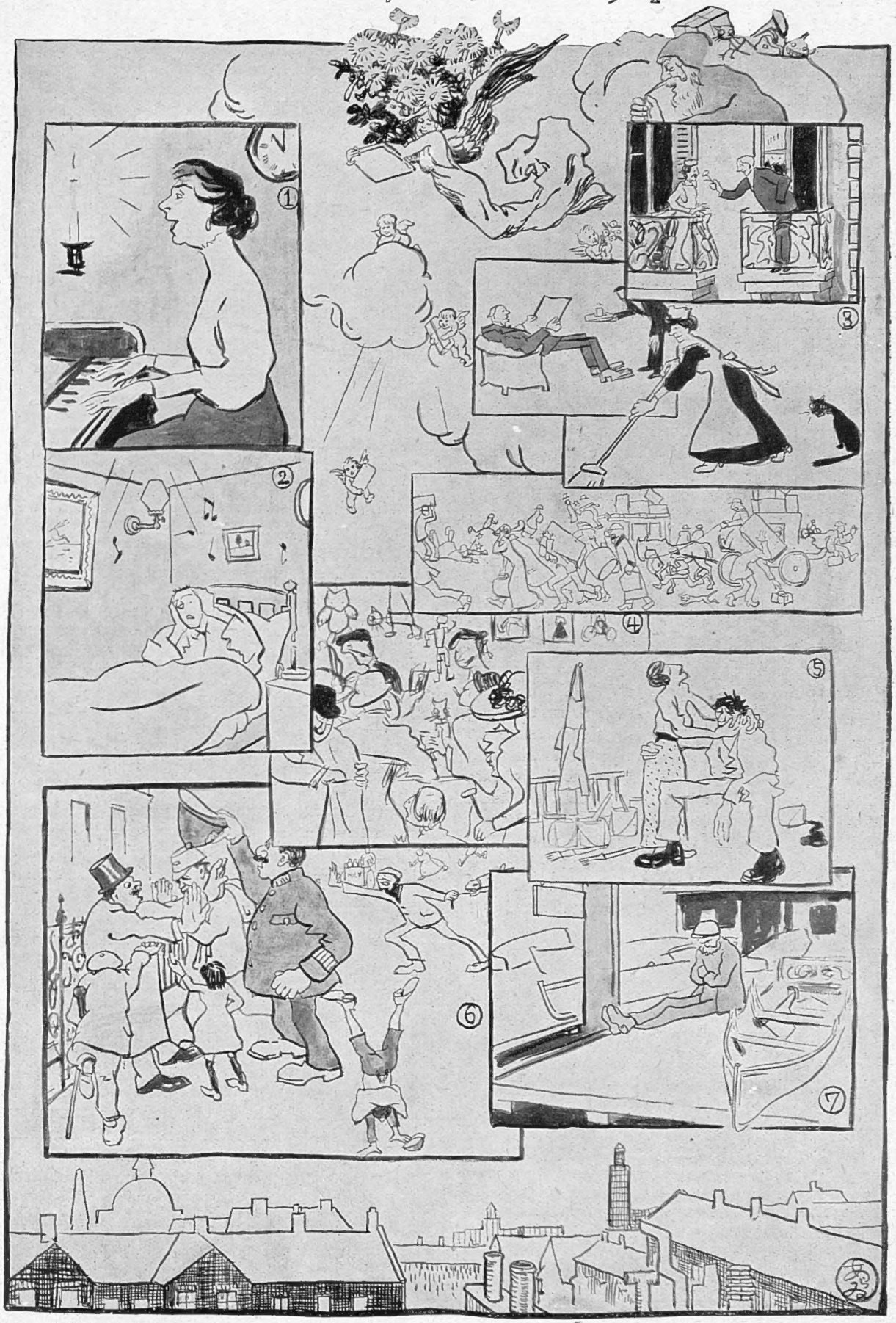
The new Keeper of the Royal Academy, Mr. Andrew Carrick Gow, R.A., is well known by his works, if not his name, to all those many who religiously "do" Burlington House each spring, for he has exhibited continuously there for pretty well half a century. Mr. Gow is, of course, a Scot, as his name implies. Unlike the naughty moderns, he has "never painted nothing" that might bring a blush of shame to the purest British matron's cheek, and he is chiefly known as a painter of historical and especially battle subjects on a large ground. One of his best-known pictures was "The Relief of Leyden," and his "Cromwell at Dunbar" was bought by the Chantrey Fund. Mr. Gow's latter-day work includes "The Queen's Diamond Jubilee" at St. Paul's,

MR. A. C. GOW, R.A.

New Keeper of the R.A.

which he painted for the Corporation, and the Nelson Cartoon in the Royal Exchange.

Christmas in the Eyes of Our Japanese Artist



(1) Lady upstairs practise every night too late till 12 o'clock because to sing on Christmas evening.

(2) A bachelor downstairs cannot sleep, and complain every night because being terrible noise.

(3) Man-servants and women-servants very lazy always, but Christmas getting near, they work very hard, dreaming master's big present.
Street also terrible because many people crowded.

(4) Toy shops and fancy goods shops very glad.

(5) House painters think their bad time of the year is Christmas.

(6) Gentleman want call his friends, but cannot walk because policeman, postman, workman, and many dirty boys capture him to get Christmas box. He thinks Christmas is always terrible.

(7) Boatman on the Thames know Christmas is bad time for business, but still complain.

BY R. ARAI

BYSTANDER STORYETTE—NO. 2.

A NIGHT IN MARS: A Fantasie with a Moral

SCENE: *A hill overlooking a beautiful city of red and gold, brilliantly illuminated. To and fro on lakes glide beautiful boats.* SOUNDS: *Exquisite music, the murmur of glad voices. Descends very suddenly an aeroplane. Out steps* MORTIMER, *a young man in usual airman's suit. Takes off cap and goggles, and sits down to contemplate the view below.*

"BY Jove—rather, by Mars! For I suppose it is Mars I've got to. . . . So these novel and play-writing fellows were right about it, after all. They do live in beautiful palaces, with coloured lights, and boats gliding about on fairy canals. How I wish I could wire H. G. Wells and the rest of them, and tell them how right they all were about it. Now, I wonder how I'd better make my appearance? Don't want to be subjected to any torture, however refined and picturesque, until I've seen something of the planet, anyway. I'd give anything for a pipe. Wonder if they smoke in Mars? Or are they way above any such dissipations? Listen — music. . . . Sounds modern enough. (Strains of unutterable weirdness, to which he listens silently as he contemplates the scene below.)

"Gad, what's that!

(*Sound of the whirring of another aeroplane, at first faint, then louder. Lastly quite close.*)

"An aeroplane, by all that's earthly! Some Martian running up from the suburbs for a night in town, I suppose. Good gracious, hanged if he isn't coming down. That's interesting. I'll be able to see how he looks, and how he's dressed. Perhaps, if he's not too much of a giant, I'll be able to put my case before him without fear, and he'll smuggle me into the town without danger. Here he comes.

(Machine descends. Out of it step sa man. Tall, dressed in complete suit of red, brilliantly jewelled, and sparkling. Long claws in place of hands and feet, long hair, and vast arrangement of beard and whiskers.)

"Damn! He gives me four inches at least. And he's dressed exactly as the writing Johnnies and their artists made out. I *do* wish I could wire them. I always had half a fear that the Martians would turn out to be puny, uninteresting little people, in black coats and bowler hats, like ourselves. Instead of which they're magnificent, and their whiskers——"

Advances to the glorious stranger, and bows low.

The stranger greets him with the words:

"Hullo! Where are you making for?"

"English. . . . By all that's wonderful. Where are *you* making for, gentle stranger?"

"Oh, for the city. Didn't expect to find anybody up here, though. Where are you from?"

Mortimer thinks awhile.

"Talks English like a bally native. Wells and the rest of them simply *wouldn't* believe it."

To the Martian (aloud).

"I was thinking of dropping into town, too. Will you take me with you?"

"I would with pleasure. But you can't go down dressed like that."

"No, I suppose I can't. Couldn't I borrow a rig-out like yours anywhere?"

"I'll get you one. You wait here."

Mounts his baby biplane, and disappears below. Is gone for twenty minutes, during which Mortimer strolls about, talking to himself.

"Now, this is extraordinary. First, he looks Martian. Second, he talks English. Third, he didn't seem *surprised* at the sight of me or my clothes. It looks as though the Martians are a good-humoured, tolerant lot, with no proper capacity for being surprised."

Martian returns, bringing a parcel.

"There you are. Slip into them quickly. They'll about fit you. I'll wait, and we can go down together. Hurry up, as we've only two hours left us. I'm late, you know."

"Two hours?" asks Mortimer, preparing to slip into the clothes. "Wonder what the deuce he means by that. . . . There. Do I look like the real thing now?"

"Oh, quite. You might be one of us. Now we'll have a good time. Come on."

They disappear. Scene changes. A brilliant carnival. Men and women walking about in all sorts of variations on costume of Mortimer's companion, but all jewelled, all splendid, all clawed, and the men all whiskered. Dances, confetti-throwing, etc., etc. After exactly two hours of it all, there sounds a loud hooter. The people begin to move in a vast crowd out of the gardens. At last they enter an enormous cloakroom. To Mortimer's intense surprise, everybody begins to throw off marvellous jewelled costumes, and to take off claws, hats, wigs, and the like, and to reveal to his astonished eye ordinary, shaven, English-looking faces and bodies clad in conventional evening dress. Some annoyance is expressed as to the insufficient number of attendants and the time taken to hand the clamouring crowd their evening cloaks, top hats, scarves, and umbrellas.

When he has completely recovered his astonishment, he turns to his companion, who is now holding in his hands his own wig, whiskers, and claws.

"Please tell me," he says, in a hoarse whisper, "where on earth am I?"

"As you're evidently a stranger, I will. This, my dear sir, is Fancy Dress Carnival Night at the Red City, otherwise the great Planet Earth Exhibition. The city is supposed to be typical of life on Earth as ascertained to be carried on by our Martian astronomers, and each visitor is compelled to attire himself in what we believe to be the current earthly fashions."

"But that is how *we* on earth all think *you* look here in Mars."

"You on earth? What d'you mean? Please explain yourself."

"I will when we get out of this," said Mortimer, handing his cloak and wig to the attendant.

"Or in the tube, if you like," said the Martian.

"The Tube?" gasped Mortimer. . . . Then he swooned. When he awoke—but never mind about that.

THE MORAL *is that, Man being made in the Creator's own image, he is probably much the same in appearance and habits in whatever planet he may have been placed.*

The New Art of Stage Costume

The King's Son in "The Miracle"

Slave Girls in a Chinese Burlesque

The King in "The Miracle"

Old Spanish Velasquez Dress

Herr Ernst Stern, the famous designer of theatrical attire

An Amazon

Spanish Costume (Don Carlos)

Herr Ernst Stern represents, with Max Reinhardt, the new force that has taken hold of the stage in which the producer is dominant. Herr Stern is a young artist who has turned his attention to costume and scene designing for the Reinhardt productions. He designed the dresses for "Sumurun," and he has designed the dresses and the paters for "The Miracle," which is to be seen on December 23 at Olympia. His aim is accuracy and beauty—beauty in outline and colour, and those wonderful stage crowds that are the features of the Reinhardt productions owe much to his artistic perception and the splendour of his design. He is thirty-five years old

HAS DANCING A MORAL PURPOSE?

By FORD MADOX HUEFFER

The Superior Person

IN the matter of dancing I am no critic. I have been told that I am no critic so many times that I am perfectly ready to adopt at this moment an uncritical attitude, and just to write that, personally, I adore Miss Genée, and that most of the others leave me comparatively cold. But I have been so frequently told that this is indifferent taste, one quite unworthy of a Superior Person—and Heaven knows we should all try to be Superior Persons—that, for the first time in my life, I feel really timid. What the Superior Person really is after in the matter of dancing, I cannot for the life of me understand. The Superior Person, who is generally an incredibly erudite young man, looks at me patronisingly—and even quite kindly—and remarks, with a withering scorn, that nobody knows anything of all there is to know about dancing. Dancing, he then proceeds to say, has a High Moral Purpose, and I wither away as I always do when a High Moral Purpose comes along. It makes me really unhappy.

The High Moral Purpose

Really unhappy! I shall sit in my stall at the opera from henceforward, looking at lovely things, listening to lovely music, really quite happy and filled with lovely little emotions. And then suddenly the awful thought will come into my head: "What is the High Moral Purpose of all this?" And all my pleasure will go. Because I simply do not believe that you can write anything about dancing at all; I simply don't believe that anything profitable can be put into words. Of course, there is a technical language. If I were the agent for some theatrical manager who wanted to engage dancers, I might write to him that Miss A. can manage eight *entrechats*, or that Miss B. is very excellent at *vols de pigeons*. These, of course, are dry technical facts that one can put down. But when it comes to High Moral Purpose, I simply don't believe that it is there.

Erudition

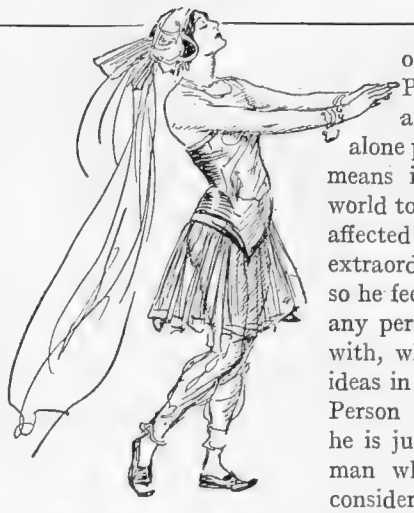
It is all only just a matter of emotions. Of course, if you are an enormously Superior Person, you may write that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is a ceremonial dance—and, no doubt, scientifically and historically considered, it is that. And I suppose that one can read a High Moral Purpose into the Mass. Personally, I cannot; it is a thing that moves me; that moves me immensely, and just leaves me without any thoughts at all. Or, let us for Heaven's sake be erudite. Here is some erudition for you. *Auch'io*. . . . I, too, have pored over musty volumes. The Chinese Customs' Service regulates in China the art of music. Why this should be I do not know any more than I know why the British Customs' Service should—as it does—regulate the morals of British Literature. These things are just facts—the odd facts of a quite odd world. Now, since the Chinese Customs' Service regulates the art of music, the Chinese Customs' Service issues musical text-books, and one of these was once given me by Sir Robert Hart. It refers to ceremonial music, and more particularly to ceremonial dances. Chinese lay music is just noise; Chinese ceremonial music is just Gregorian chanting.

A Chinese Mass

Now, there is a ceremony called the Ceremony of the Guiding Light, which takes place immediately after the Emperor has ploughed the first sod of the year. This ceremony falls under the department of the Worship of the Earth, which is permitted to the Emperor alone. It is the most solemn celebration of the year—it is as solemn as our Easter ceremonies, and, indeed, it is performed about the same time. And the extraordinary thing is, that this ceremony is exactly the same ceremonial dance as the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The Emperor, officiating, turns to the East and to the West at exactly the same time and with exactly the same genuflections as any Roman Catholic officiating priest. The music which is performed—the music of the Guiding Light—is just precisely a Gregorian chant. And at a given point little bells are rung, and censors swing before the altar. Three grains of rice are laid upon the Emperor's tongue, and he drinks a cup of rice wine. These are very singular mysteries, and, no doubt, into many such singular mysteries do the roots of the art of dancing descend. For dancing is a means of expression like every other art—just a means of expression from one man to another, or from a child dancing beneath an immense sky to the solitary things of nature. For that is what a child does, and that is how dancing began.

Dancing and the Emotions

But just as you cannot read a High Moral Purpose into the dancing of a child that has happy emotions because the sky is high, the air clear, and the breezes cool and exciting, so you cannot read any High Moral Purpose into the dancing of those Russian geniuses or into the dancing of Mlle. Genée. A dance might stir you to warlike emotions, to emotions of fear, of religious enthusiasm, or of love. Personally, I do not get these emotions from any dancing;



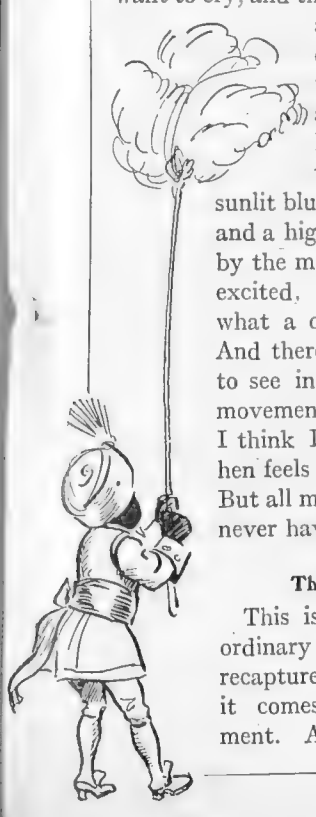
I am just profoundly moved. For a great number of years it has been my ambition to write a poem to Mlle. Genée. But I have never been able to; I simply do not know what to say. The only sentence I ever got into print concerning this lady was to the effect that Mlle. Genée had been dancing for many years before she was discovered. And the printer printed the last word — divorced. The printer was sacked, but since then I have given up trying to write about this lady. I felt discouraged.

Name, Please!

But now I am trying to do it again—that is what I am really after. I suppose it is to be done. The other day I noticed a really great dramatic critic—but a really great and Superior one—observing with a rapt expression one of the pretty musical-comedy ladies, who did not appear to me to be doing anything else in particular but just smile. And very pretty and improving it was. But it did not appear to me to be a thing to enrapture the great protagonist of the Serious and Scandinavian Drama. So I asked him what was the matter with him, and he replied that the lady was the "symphonic embodiment of quaint imbecility." So that I suppose it can be done.

Genée and the Senses

But I really do not know of what Mlle. Genée, or, for the matter of that, Mme. Karsavina, is the symphonic embodiment. When one of these ladies—and preferably Mlle. Genée—is on the stage, I simply become a different person. When it is Mlle. Genée I simply just want to cry. I don't mean to say that I do cry; being a great, strong man I cannot afford myself that relief. But I just simply want to cry, and that is all there is to it. I sit and look and look, and when the lady is not dancing it seems to get darker. And when she comes back again, I see a great, beautiful, white butterfly; I see a ball of foam blown from the sea and hurrying through the sunlit blue air. Or when, in a hunting-skirt and a high hat, she dances a dance suggested by the motions of a fox, I get extraordinarily excited, and even frightened. You know what a queer thing of the darkness a fox is. And there before me on the stage I seem to see in the extraordinarily quick, angular movements a little black devil of a fox. And I think I must feel very much as an old fat hen feels when the fox skips into the roost. But all my emotions move so quickly that I never have time to catch hold of them.



The Superior Person's Emotions

This is an intimate confession of a quite ordinary man who has done his best to recapture certain raptures. And I think it comes near to being an honest statement. And the sudden inspiration has just occurred to me that what the Superior Person really means when he talks about the High Moral Purpose which he alone perceives in the ballet—what he really means is, that he is the first person in the world to see a dance and not to feel immorally affected by it. Of course, that is a very extraordinary discovery for him to make, and so he feels good. Now, I do not believe that any person ever went to see a good ballet with, what it is customary to call, immoral ideas in his head. My friend the Superior Person has just made the discovery that he is just like me, just like the ordinary man whom the Superior Person always considers to be an extraordinary beast. For I believe, really, there is no one who gets tangible ideas, whether moral or immoral, out of fine dancing. They get, as I have said, emotions that are too swift to be grasped.

Disturbing the Subsoil

And I think that this is true of all dancing that has not special motives. There are dances with purposes, just as there are novels with morals, and the purpose of those dances may be warlike, religious, or even definitely lustful. But these fall under special categories. The Dance as such—whether it be the delightful Morris Dance, or whether it be someone posturing to a Ballade of Chopin's beneath the folds of high curtains the colour of brown paper—the dance is just a means of expression for emotions that cannot be analysed. It is like music, and sometimes it is more exquisite than music—sometimes, that is to say, it is the dancing that is the soul of the dance, just as sometimes it is the music that masters the dancing—and it is always ephemeral. That, too, I find to be a thrilling thought when I am looking at a beautiful dancer. Personally, I have never wanted so much as to kiss Mlle. Genée's finger-tips, but it has always given me a tragic undertone of feeling to think that when all that beauty of motion passes away there will be nothing to register it; there will be only just a name, and hardly a name. So that, when you hear somebody wondering why crowds of intelligent people should go to the opera to see the Russian Dancers — or lamenting that the high, glorious, and noble English Opera should have come down to being nothing more than a ballet-house, just answer that the crowds of intelligent and wealthy people—quite the *Best* People—go to that ballet-house to be made better men. And they get made better men. That has nothing to do with a High Moral Purpose. They are made better men because the subsoil of their emotions has been vainly, irrationally, but very really disturbed. And any farmer will tell you that the most important thing in agriculture is to stir and aerate the earth beneath the crust. That is the real value of the Art of Dancing, as of all the arts.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

SOME surprise seems to have been felt at the announcement that Mr. Lloyd George was formerly a private in the old Carnarvonshire and Flintshire Volunteer Force. We cannot think why. Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, and the Duke of Wellington are other examples of men who took to politics after some years of soldiering.

* * *

It is interesting to find out by degrees what versatile men are our Cabinet Ministers. Mr. Runciman has recently admitted that he is not so unsuited for the Board of Agriculture as many people supposed, for he has been a small landholder for years. It may turn out that Mr. M'Kenna was once a stowaway on an Atlantic liner, and that in a previous existence Mr. Churchill was captain of the main top of a pirate brig.

"GOODWILL TO ALL MEN"

Wishing EVEN HIM a Merry Christmas!
(By H. M. Bateman)

The issue by the Postmaster-General of "Home Safes" is meeting with a good deal of approbation. People are beginning to feel that now that the home is threatened with inspections from all sorts of Government servants something of the sort is necessary.

* * *

At the same time, as has been justly said, we should be more grateful for safe homes than for home safes.

* * *

White canaries have been bred by a lady in New Zealand. We knew that prejudice against the Yellow Races was pretty strong in that part of the world, but we did not know that it extended to canaries.

* * *

This meddling with colours seems to be rather a dubious matter. What a horrid thing it would be, in days to come, if some Professor of Eugenics were to succeed in turning Chinamen white.

* * *

A 2,000-year-old boat which was discovered near Nantwich has been presented to Chester Archæological Society. Here is another example of our English lack of thrift. The Germans would have sold it to Turkey.

* * *

Sir Hiram Maxim is said to have invented a method of making furniture out of concrete, which will reduce its cost by one-half. At that rate, everybody should be able to have a cosy concrete corner in his house.

* * *

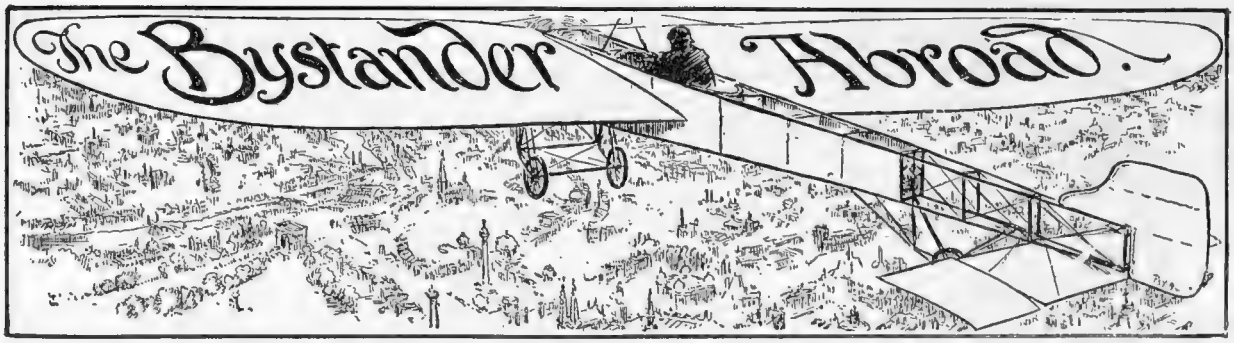
It does not sound as if all furniture, if made of concrete, could be very comfortable; but, then, neither is all Chippendale or Louis XVI. After all, one has to consider the second-hand furniture shops of the future, in which posterity will, no doubt, gladly buy Hiram concrete beds without inquiring as to whether the original purchasers slept well in them or no.

* * *

"Excellent as a Christmas present for a man," says a contemporary, "is a walking-stick with an electric torch contained in the handle." Our own feeling is that we would just as soon turn on the ordinary electric lights. Trying to read or write with one's walking-stick held over one's shoulder would get irksome.

The Question Unnecessary

German Waiter: "Drei?"
One of the Nutz: "Ja! That is, yes. We are. Very"



PARIS SHOWS et AUTRES CHOSES

By JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"A Duelville"

AN amusing little book called "A Duelville," has just been published in Paris. It is written by a *maître d'armes,* which grandiloquent title conceals the humbler fencing-master of our own language. For some reason or other, he does not say why, the author of "Duelville" is a little bit tired of his citizenship, and he has told the truth in the form of fiction for our entertainment about the shows and *autres choses* of the *duello* as practised in Paris. I don't propose to follow the book at all, but now that I have read it my last scruples have disappeared. Although I've lived in Paris a good many years, I have always refrained from laughing as loudly as I felt tempted to laugh at the manners and customs of the affair of honour, because I've always thought that there must be something at the back of them more serious than I knew. But "Duelville" has convinced me that such is not the case. According to M. Georges Dubois, who obviously knows, the duel is a matter of professionalism, a matter of business, in fact. And this being so, I don't see why one should not tell the truth about it as frankly as one would tell the truth about any other swindle.

(1) The beautiful daughter of the Earl of Nixdown is bored to death. No husband is in sight

The Sham of it All

FOR the duel is a sham from first to last. We have had a few of them in Paris recently, and naturally none of the combatants are dead. You may, I think, be rather amused to learn the reason why. To begin with, there are the seconds, and they run the whole show. They start on the simplest of principles. If the two men who are going to fight are expert swordsmen, and have any real reason for wishing to hurt one another, the duel must be fought with pistols. Now, the layman might imagine that two angry men, each with a loaded pistol in his hand, stationed at about thirty paces from one another, might very easily do damage. But you will see in every account of a French duel with pistols that four bullets, two shots each, "have been exchanged without result"; and you may have wondered why Frenchmen are such poor shots.

(2) She sees the whole aristocracy of England, which pays her no attention, applauding a ballet-dancer

How it is Done

ON the face of it there *is* something of a mystery about this, but the explanation is simplicity itself. Among the four seconds one is always chosen because he knows the rules of the game, and he is the man who loads the pistols. There are several ways of loading them. Sometimes they are loaded with friable bullets. These are about as dangerous as a charcoal biscuit, and dematerialise into powder when they are fired. The two pistols make a loud bang, the two combatants feel a little thrill, because they, of course, don't know how safe they have always been, the smoke clears away, and honour is satisfied. Another favourite trick is to put in too much powder and ram it down very hard, or to put in too little, and scarcely ram it down at all. In the one case the doctors, sightseers, cinematograph operators, and items of the landscape may suffer. In the other nobody suffers at all. The loosely rammed powder sends the bullet towards the opponent quite gently, and if he can find it at his feet, it makes a tie-pin for him, to which he may allude with pride on occasion. And honour is just as satisfied as it would have been otherwise.

(3) And, ushered out by parental curses, leaves her home for the Continental variety stage

The Simplest Way

AND the simplest method of preventing bloodshed in a French affair of honour, fought with pistols, is as simple as the egg-trick

of the late Columbus. No bullets are placed in the pistols. Mr.——, the director of the combat, turns his back on the principals while he loads up, and the other seconds, who have every confidence in him, look the other way and talk about the weather while he is at work. The powder goes into the pistols, the bullets go into Mr. the Director of the Combat's waistcoat pocket, and there you are, you see, after two loud explosions, as before.

What it Costs

THE principal objection to the duel as practised in France is its expense. The cheapest you can do it for is about £10, and you cannot do it for that unless you know the ropes and have friends in Deulville who have no designs on your cheque-book. As a rule, a duel costs each of the principals from £30 to £50, and possibly £20 more for "a lesson or two" before going on the field. But the greatest anomaly of the whole business is that if by an unlucky chance a combatant is killed or badly hurt, his adversary and the seconds are liable to penal servitude. So the French duel is not altogether harmless after all.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

Oh, Honest Halfpennies!

THE German Empire is out after halfpennies. Compared with the Congo acquisition, the subjection of Britain, and other paraded national aims, the enterprise is unheroic. But German greatness springs from what a national philosopher calls "the microscopically vast, the superficially insignificant, which is really the essentially momentous." And the zeal of its halfpenny hunting symbolises that indefatigable tenacity which brings the British conquest nearer and nearer.

An Avaricious G.P.O.

BERLIN has halfpenny letter-postage, which saves you enormous expenditure in correspondence with someone else's sweetheart, but

(4) Once a dancer she finds, as expected, that the aristocracy pays her due attention. A young German "Graf" never takes his eyes off her

causes you only loss when you write to the avaricious State. Naturally you pay a halfpenny on every letter to the State. But, unlike someone else's sweetheart, it makes you also pay for its reply. It sends its answer in an unstamped, un-O.H.M.S'd wrapper, for which the postman exacts a halfpenny at your door.

Halfpenny a Letter

THIS you would pardon were the State correcting your delinquencies, demanding unpaid taxes, or otherwise recalling you to your duty. But Germany allows no overdue taxes, and no neglect of duty. The halfpennies it worries out of you arise on matters in which you stand on a parity with the State, or even stand above it. Thus, if you request the State to instal a telephone, thus putting it into the subordinate position of tradesman, it demands a halfpenny for its letter accepting the order. It pursues this profitable system so zealously that it even seeks excuses for writing you needless letters. For the telephone you wait a month. But once a week during the month you get a printed circular, repeating in precisely identical words that you will get the telephone if you only wait for it.

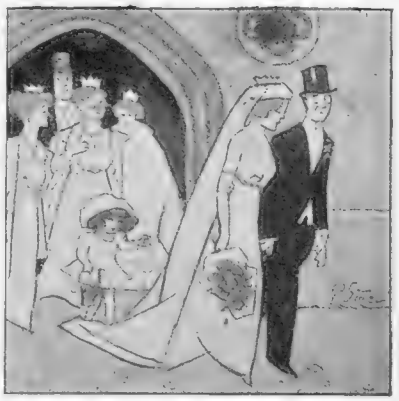
Paying a Bill

EVEN oblique, so to speak, State authorities go halfpenny hunting with the zeal of Galway Blazers. The Bankruptcy authorities, even when you are not the happy bankrupt, fine you halfpennies because somebody else is. The Berlin Bystander's bookseller lately went broke. The Berlin Bystander owed him 7*s*. 6*d*. The Official Receiver, who bears the imposing title, "Konkursverwalter," notified the Berlin Bystander to hold the 7*s*. 6*d*. on his behalf. He exacted a halfpenny. Next day the Amtsgericht notified the Berlin Bystander to put in his counterclaim, if any. It exacted a halfpenny. Next came a postcard from the Official Receiver saying he had changed his address. He exacted a halfpenny. Next came a demand to pay the 7*s*. 6*d*. Bang went another halfpenny. And while the unlucky Berlin Bystander grew thin from this ceaseless drain on his pocket, the Treasury grew conversely fat; and announced that it was willing to allot £1,580,000 for the construction of aeroplanes.

(5) A few days later he appears in her dressing-room, and offers her a bouquet and his noble hand. She accepts both

A Pitched Battle

ONLY one free-born Prussian has ever had the courage and tenacity to fight the State over his halfpenny. This was lately, when a certain Gynasium-director Neumann refused to accept the unpaid missive of a Pomeranian Landrat. Complications ensued, and the director's architectonic sideboard was sold by auction. The director sued the Landrat for consequential damages caused by the illegal demand for a halfpenny. The Court satisfied both. It ordered the Landrat to pay the director £9 14*s*. lost through the sideboard transaction, and it allowed the Landrat's claim for a halfpenny. In particular, the director was pleased, as he recovered £9 13*s*. 11½*d*., and incurred only £9 15*s*. 6*d*. costs. Some day a Prussian Samuel Smiles will chronicle his ruler's praiseworthy thrift.



(6) As the happy pair leaves the church to the strains of the Wedding March, the guests ask audibly: Surely she could have married Herr Graf without the roundabout device of going on the stage? The beautiful daughter of the Earl of Nixdown chuckles. She knows better (From *Lustige Blaetter*)

Registered design]

An Engagement of Another Kind for a Soldier and an Actress

Photograph MISS DAGMAR WIEHE *Lallie Charles*

The well-known actress, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Wiehe, of Littlebourne Lodge, Sandgate, who is engaged to Major Edward Finch Hatton, D.S.O.

The Annual Sports on Snow and Ice

Photographs *Ward Muir*

THE BEST SKATER IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

The Earl of Lytton figure-skating at Wengen, where his feats (and also his legs) are universally admired

"House Full"

THE winter-sport craze, it seems, is going to be a bigger thing than ever this year; and the Cooks and Lunns and Tourist-Agency folk generally are rubbing their hands with glee over the Swiss gold-harvest. It is a fact that rooms in some of the favourite high-altitude hotels were engaged, for this Christmas, as long ago as last February, and "House Full" is already the legend on several of the most luxurious *caravanserais* reserved by that extraordinarily successful institution (now upwards of five thousand members strong), the Public Schools' Alpine Sports Club.

The Newer Resorts

Of the newer resorts the two most successful are, perhaps, Chamonix, in the Haute Savoie, and Mürren, in the Oberland. The former has the distinction of lying not in Helvetia, but in France; and, in fact, it is the only winter-sport place of any importance within French territory, though we hear talk of ski-ing grounds shortly to be opened in the Pyrenees, near Vernet. Chamonix was distinguished by its "note" of gaiety from the very start, for that eminently smart association (of both sexes), the Paris Skating Club, at once made this its holiday head-quarters, and those who know the said club and its reputation for merrymaking will understand how it is that so many of the more—well, *chic* of the skating and bobbing photographs happen to emanate from this frolicsome village, sheltered by the peerless Mont Blanc. Mürren, in the Oberland, "opened" last winter with a brilliant list of visitors, and, this season, rooms at its two biggest hostels have been reserved by Brigadier-General Count Gleichen, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, Mrs. Asquith and party, the Earl and Countess of Lytton, the Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam, the Earl and Countess of Leitrim, and Viscount Hawarden.

Camaraderie

The goings-on at the Swiss winter spas (are they "spas"?) would make some stay-at-homes' hair stand on end—and are enormous fun. There is just that *soupçon* of risk, in tobogganing and ski-ing, which differentiates a sport from a game; and there is just that element of social *camaraderie* at St. Moritz, Montana, Wengen, Chamonix, Mürren, and the rest, which differentiates a country-house party from a gathering of strangers in a restaurant. The aforementioned Public Schools' Alpine Sports Club has done much to bring about this happy state of affairs. Its President is the Headmaster of Eton, and its "Vices" include Lord Roberts, Lord Lytton, and Mr. E. F. Benson, the novelist.

Lugeing—

Whether he is a P.S.A.S.C.-ite or no, the Alpine holiday-maker is at all times a fatuously happy spectacle. In his more dignified moments he describes noble curves round an orange on the skating-rink, stiff as a poker in his attitude, for he worships the "form" of that too autocratic body, the National Skating Association, and would sooner die than imitate the acrobatism of leg-waving foreigners—even though Lord Lytton himself is an exponent of the *jambe en air* art. Later in the day our Briton's rectitude seems to have deteriorated. You catch him emerging painfully from a snow-drift, coated to his eyebrows in white, and explaining loudly that his skis were not fastened properly, and *that* was how it happened. Skis are tricky things—especially as to their fastenings. They are hardly worse, though, than toboggans. But toboggans, even the smallest ones, have this advantage: there is always room on them for two. Not much room, mind you! Perhaps therein lies the fascination of the contests so aptly named "mixed races." And when mixed-race toboggans capsize——.

—and Ski-ing

In vain does the scribe hasten to commence a fresh paragraph with a discreet allusion to ski-ing. For ski-ing is even more unconventional than lugeing, and the knickerbocker-and-Norfolk-jacket suits which, at so many places, are now the correct feminine wear for this sport, may bring about a revolution which the Rational Dress League has long worked for in vain. The said costume (need it be added?) has its humours. Witness the tale of the pale young curate, who remarked, when he had been to see the Lady Beginners' Competition: "Two competitors dived head first into the snow in front of where I was standing." "Oh? Who were they?" asked his listeners. "I didn't wait to see," was the blushing reply.

WARD MUIR

THE CALL TO THE ALPS

THE OPENING OF THE WINTER SPORTS SEASON

Photograph] A SWISS GUIDE BLOWING HIS MOUNTAIN HORN [*H. W. Nicholls*

The winter sports season has re-opened in Switzerland, and the usual eager crowds are flocking to the best-known resorts. Rain and mud-bound Englishmen hardly need, however, the summons of the horn that is being sounded in the picture

Off the Track and Over the

A JUMP OVER THE BANKS OF A LUGE RUN A

Bank: An Exhilarating Spill

THE FOOT OF MONT BLANC, NEAR CHAMONIX

BY H. W. NICHOLLS

"That Not Impossible 'Ski'"

THE TELEMARK SWING

The most graceful and effective way of stopping on the level after a descent. The runner is making the swing to the left. His weight is on the right ski, which is well advanced, and his left leg is bent with the heel raised. By tilting the right ski slightly on the inside edge and turning the whole body gently to the left he comes round smartly and is "brought up all standing"

HERRING-BONING

The method employed when negotiating a short and steep ascent where the ordinary mode of progression is impossible. In order to do it properly the toes should be turned well out and the ski planted in succession nearly at right-angles to each other. This is well shown by the tracks left by the runner in the snow. It also illustrates the aptness of the name "herring-boning"

Madame de Mont Blanc

AN INTREPID CLIMBER ON SKIS AT CHAMONIX

Mme. Namur, daughter of Mons. Vallot, who built the observatory at the summit of Mont Blanc. She has climbed Mont Blanc three times

Photograph] [*H. W. Nicholls*

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"BELLA DONNA" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

THIS is a play of "The Dangerous Age," as it were. Its fascinating exponent is a certain Mrs. Chepstow, represented by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Mrs. Chepstow has reached as near middle-age as a charming woman is ever likely to get, and we are given to understand that she has already experienced a divorce, and that she has also been "looked after" by more than one gentleman friend. As it seems to her, apparently, that it is time she left off sowing her wild oats and settled down, she accepts an offer of marriage from the Hon. Nigel Armine, who is heir-presumptive to a peerage. Nigel does not put much faith in the stories of Mrs. Chepstow's purple past; but that is where his friend, Dr. Meyer Isaacson, has the advantage of him. When he calls to tell the Doctor he is going to marry "Bella Donna," the Doctor's only comment is, "Good God!" and the curtain of the first act falls on that, leaving us to wonder at our leisure whether this emphatic invocation is complimentary to the lady, or the reverse. It certainly says a good deal one way or the other in a small compass.

In the second act we are in Egypt. After all, if you cannot afford a real trip to the land of sunshine during the season, the next best thing is to go to the theatre and revel in the delightful reproduction of the scenery in those romantic parts. Sir George Alexander has supplied the material to this end most tastefully. The newly married couple are still practically on their honeymoon. Nigel is spending his share of it in the desert, where he is engaged in some work of irrigation; and Mrs. Chepstow, who has now become Mrs. Armine, remains behind at her husband's villa to await his return. The new Mrs. Armine, however, has reached the Age at which it is Dangerous for a fascinating woman to be asked to spend her honeymoon alone. Besides, there is a fascinating Egyptian gentleman, named Mahmoud Baroudi, who has long worshipped her from afar. And while her husband is away he does his worshipping at closer quarters. Baroudi is worth about three millions, and, as Mrs. Armine very properly says, they must be kind to him, because he is so rich. I am entirely of the same opinion. Any millionaire in need of kindness will always find me most sympathetic. This little romance is interrupted by the return of Nigel from the desert, when, among other things, he learns that his brother's wife has just presented her husband with twins. Mrs. Armine receives the news a little sneeringly, and suggests that the mother of the twins must have done it on purpose in order to cheat Nigel out of the peerage. Now that Nigel has no further hope in that direction, Mrs. Armine loses interest in him. It seems to her that it would be very nice of Mahmoud Baroudi to take her away somewhere so that they could live happily ever after, as people do in all nice romances. But Baroudi cannot afford a scandal of that kind; and, besides, he has a better way of settling the difficulty. He produces a little box of poison, and points out that if a little of it is dropped into Nigel's coffee every day he will fade away and gradually die. Mrs. Armine thinks it is an awfully good idea. Besides, the poison offers her a chance of breaking the only one of the Ten Commandments she appears still to have left intact, and you don't get a chance like that every day.

That is where Dr. Meyer Isaacson comes in. He knew a little about "Bella Donna" (as a physician should) before her marriage to Nigel, and when he hears that Nigel has been suddenly bowled over by sunstroke (in February!) he makes a bee-line for Egypt, where he combines, as it were, the two famous parts of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson. At one moment he is the wily detective piecing together the most fragmentary evidence, and at the next moment he is the sympathetic physician prescribing, with all the professional conviction of infallibility, the mixture as before. Sir George Alexander makes quite a remarkable success of this part. To begin with, he has adopted a new kind of make-up, wearing an extremely well-made wig that imparts to his appearance a convincing youthfulness. He wears also a moustache, and a little padding to his nose, as he is supposed to be a Jew.

The last two acts of the play deal with Mrs. Armine's strenuous efforts to prevent Isaacson's interference, and finally with her callous admission that his theory that she was trying to poison her husband is correct. After this admission she flings an expensive shawl about her, and walks out of her husband's garden into the desert—alone. At least, so she says! Mrs. Patrick Campbell does all that is possible with such a part. The numerous admirers of Mr. Robert Hichens must not expect to find much of his delicate craftsmanship left after the exigencies of a five-act drama have been satisfied. But Sir George Alexander's generous setting and his clever company will do much to promote the success of *Bella Donna*. JINGLE

Mr. James Bernard Fagan's dramatisation of Mr. Robert Hichens's novel, "Bella Donna," has been received with every mark of popular favour at the St. James's Theatre. Sketches by Norman Morrow

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

"Floreat Etona"

Nearly every school in England has its own customs and traditions, and its own peculiar history. Generally, too, one goes through one's schooldays ignorant of the school's history, no more than vaguely conscious of its traditions, but remarkably learned in the matter of its customs, which, being in the main of a sartorial nature, are upheld with an astounding rigidity. You must not roll up your umbrella, or wear your coat unbuttoned, or walk in the middle of the road, or do half a dozen other things of the kind—unless you have arrived at a position of scholastic, or, as is more often the case, athletic, prominence. "Forty years on," one may look back on these customs with a kindly wonder, and so it happens that a book about one's old school has an interest entirely of its own. Nowadays every well-known school has had at least one such book devoted to its history and customs, and Eton, in this respect, has been extremely fortunate, particularly during the last few years. When, therefore, I opened Mr. Ralph Nevill's latest volume, *Floreat Etona: Anecdotes and Memories of Eton College* (Macmillan: 15*s.* net), I questioned whether it would contain a sufficient quantity of new matter to justify its existence. Etonians, I fancy, will be familiar with most of the stories here retold, but the book certainly makes agreeable reading, and, to a mere Harrovian like myself, much that has long remained a mystery is now made clear. That unique Ad Montem ceremony on Whit-Tuesday, extinct since the 'thirties, has a chapter to itself.

MISS AMBER REEVES
Whose first novel, "The Reward of Virtue (Heinemann: 6s.), is reviewed on this page

Dr. Keate

One must regret, with Mr. Nevill, its untimely demise; but although some of us would speak of it as "a glorious rag," the editors of Socialistic newspapers would probably see in it nothing but "a shameful proceeding entirely out of place in a civilised community." There are, too, stories of the terrific Dr. Keate, who would have enjoyed nothing more than the opportunity to flog the entire school, and of the dire swishing-block itself, which was once abducted by two boys and sent to the authorities at the British Museum. And there is the perfectly heavenly yarn of the boy who journeyed half across Europe in order to be flogged by his headmaster, then on a holiday, the flogging being essential (in some peculiarly Etonian way) to the success of his future career. The book is well illustrated, mostly from rare prints in the possession of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Lewis Harcourt.

A Clever Novel

Amber Reeves's first novel, *The Reward of Virtue* (Heinemann: 6*s.*), is at once intensely interesting and vastly annoying. Evelyn Baker, the heroine, does nothing in particular, and, so far as I can see, gets no particular reward. As a child she is something of a prig. For a year or two she is disturbed because a rather vulgar young person has kissed her. She falls more or less in love with a supposedly brilliant young man, but ultimately marries the entirely commonplace Leonard Day, because her mother has decided that she should, and because, like so many other girls, she wants to be married. The marriage is not a great success, and she attempts to do "good works"—much to her husband's disgust. The brilliant young man marries a friend of hers, Evelyn has a baby, and—that is all. It is about the coldest book I have ever read. Mr. Baker, Evelyn's father, is the only sympathetic person in the story, and his importance is *nil* until his death. Yet the whole thing really is extraordinarily lifelike. You instinctively feel that these 300 pages are full of life as it is played in Notting Hill, which is where Evelyn lives most of her life. Here are ordinary people doing ordinary things, and you are not bored. Yet what a much finer novel Miss Reeves would have written had she allowed herself to tint things. There must be some people in Notting Hill who hurl themselves boisterously through life, but this book suggests the neutral tint; there is no warm colour, least of all in the foreground where you might expect to find it. Yet, cold as it all is, there is infinite cleverness in the careful display of Evelyn's character. In Miss Reeves's second novel, however, I pray for a little devilry.

Notre Mlle. Gibbs

"THE PARISIAN SHOP-GIRL." BY L. ICART

Too Late!

"WISH I'D LEFT HIS CIGAR-CASE ALONE"

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

ON THE FRONTIER

BY EUPHRASIA LEWIS

A STORY OF LOVE AND THE SWORD

THE stuffy, garlic-smelling room was littered with articles of men's clothing. An old woman was occupied placing them in two kit-bags. Presently she stopped in her work to look at two men who were smoking silently in another part of the room. They sat in the shadows cast by the smoking torch. She scarcely noticed the young girl who was weeping over a shirt. Yet, as if to relieve her feelings, she said sharply:

"Amelie, if you don't stop crying I will turn you out of the house."

The girl choked back her sobs.

"Mother, you mustn't be cross with her," the younger man interrupted softly. He crossed the room, and, putting his arm round the girl's shoulders, drew her head on his breast. Patting her head awkwardly, he said, in a soothing tone, "Don't cry, Amelie, I shall be back again soon."

"When?" she demanded.

Carlos stroked her hand.

"I don't know," was the vague answer.

"It may be years."

"Oh, no! Not as long as that. The authorities are tired of this guerilla warfare; we are going to do some sharp fighting." His tone was bright with satisfaction.

"Carlos!"

The exclamation drowned his manly fighting spirit.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, dear."

Amelie drew away from him. "Oh, men are all alike. When you reach the frontier, and are in the midst of the fighting, you will forget." Her tone was somewhat fretful, and she spoke with the intolerance of youth.

The man kissed her passionately.

"My God, if you only knew!"

His mother heard the agonising cry. His anguish at parting with his betrothed found an answering echo in her heart. She hated the Republican Government for ordering its soldiers to the frontier. A sickening feeling stole over her at the thought of losing both husband and son, perhaps—her lips quivered—for ever.

"You will run no risks?" she pleaded to her husband in a trembling voice. She blinked her eyes as she tried to swallow the lump in her throat.

"I dare not promise, for I must do my duty." Then he attempted a gay manner. "Why, old woman, you never showed the white feather before; I was in the thick of the Revolution last year, and I came out unscathed."

"It all happened so suddenly; I had no time to feel afraid for you."

"Well, this is child's play compared with that."

She moaned.

"Think of the long months through which I must exist—and without news." She thought of his feelings, and said cheerily: "Oh, I must be brave." She plucked at a button on his tunic. "You are right; I had no fear then, why should I feel afraid now? Amelie is young; it is only natural for her to cry. Youth has a future, while we—have the glorious memories of the past." Her lips worked painfully. She struggled for self-control. Then, with panting breath, she flung herself into his arms. "I want a future," she sobbed wildly.

Frightened at this outburst, Amelie disengaged herself from her lover's arms. She patted the woman's shoulders, lovingly. Carlos was distracted. He had never seen such poignant agony before.

"Mother!" he implored, "bear up. Father and I will take care of each other."

A clock in the church tower struck eight. The father started.

"We must go," he said, and his tone was husky.

"You shan't go," the woman screamed, clasping him closer.

The man gave himself up to the embrace. Then the silvery call of a bugle fell on his ear. Gently unclasping her arms, he took the rifle his son handed him.

His wife sobbed helplessly.

The agonising scene caused the perspiration to stream down his face. Throwing his kit-bag over his shoulder he waved a mute farewell, and strode unevenly out of the house.

Hastily kissing both mother and sweetheart, Carlos rushed after him.

Amelie stood at the door, watching them as they hurried down the street.

In the next house she could hear a fortune-teller describing an action taking place on the frontier. Evidently she prophesied bad news, for a girl's suppressed scream rang out. At the shrill sound Amelie shuddered. Her heart was heavy with misgivings as she closed the door.

. . . . . .

The night was dark. In the valleys, south of the Rostellos, scarcely perceptible signals of war were apparent. From the lower hills a tiny light shone intermittently from invisible hillocks.

Earlier in the evening the distant rolling of drums had been heard. Understanding the sound, the Republicans had reinforced their line of defence against the hills. Artillery filled the trenches. Instead of sleeping, each soldier stood alert.

The infantry sergeant and his son rested their rifles against the parapets, ready to fire on the first alarm. With brilliant, haggard eyes they tried to pierce the insidious gloom, anxiously watching the sky in the east.

Although they expected a surprise, they had no idea that the enemy were working silently only a few hundred yards from the outpost. In obedience to the Morse signalling, disguised Royalists had deserted the woodcutters' huts along the valleys. Behind the great blank wall they were massing together, waiting patiently for the faint brilliancy of dawn. For a moment the sergeant's thoughts turned to his home.

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Then his son breathed heavily with excitement as the day's white gates unclosed in the east.

Simultaneously the silence was broken by the thunder of a fusillade. A hail of bullets hissed over the trenches, falling in the centre of the positions.

The earth shook as the artillery opened fire with explosive shell. The noise was augmented by the regular, mechanical rattle of the machine-guns. There was a short interval, during which the Royalists crept stealthily through the vines and tried to rush the position.

Again the battle waged furiously. Slowly the Royalists drove the Republicans back from the trenches.

The sun rose from among the palest tints on the deserted trenches, for the battle was over.

The infantry sergeant was among the wounded. His blood stained the dry earth beneath him. In the distance he heard the sound of the river, like a monotonous moan. His parched lips moved painfully. "If only I knew that Carlos was safe," he murmured restlessly. He had fallen when the fight was at its fiercest. When he awoke, the battle was over, and the air silent and peaceful. Lifting his head, he scanned the still forms lying around him. Carlos was not among them. Voices sounding on the air, the sergeant again raised his head. Through a mist he saw numbers of prisoners being led across the erstwhile lines of defence. Unconscious of the pain, he turned on his side, leaning heavily on his elbow. If Carlos were among the prisoners at least he was safe.

Suddenly his eyes distended. Carlos was *guarding* the prisoners! Surely the Republicans were defeated? In a comprehensive glance he observed the numbers of Republican corpses strewing the ground, the broken guns, and lastly some of his intimates among the prisoners. A suspicion entered his brain. The boy, in his youth, had probably deserted to the winning side.

"Carlos," he shouted with all his strength.

"Dear God! If I am too late!" He repeated the cry.

The clear echo reached Carlos. He started guiltily, his face flushing a brick-red. "What would his father think?" Making an excuse to the officer in charge, he searched for his father. The sergeant's eyes were glazing, as he whispered incoherently: "You must not face your mother as a traitor, my son." The sergeant did not speak again. Crossing the hands, and covering the face, Carlos stumbled back to the prisoners.

On reaching the Royalist camp he was ordered to appear before the Colonel. Dusty and dirty, he saluted the officer with admirable indifference.

"Your name?" was the curt question.

"Carlos Tavares."

"Fighting as a Republican you had time to retreat with the fleeing enemy. You decided to remain. Then you helped with the prisoners. Why have you done this?"

Carlos flung back his head. "I had time to think during the night. I thought of the little which Republicanism had done for the people of Portugal during the last year. The conditions of life are the same now as they were before the Revolution. The Royalists have had a severe lesson, and the time has come for them to return to power. Suddenly I grew ashamed of fighting for Republicanism against my people. Had I retreated, I should have proved myself your enemy, I remained, placing my life in your hands."

"You arrived at your conclusions too late."

The Colonel was interrupted by Carlos. "It was through the waiting and the solitude that I found my mistake."

"It was unfortunate that you put your thoughts into action. You are an enemy no longer, but you are a traitor."

Carlos started. His father's dying words echoed in his brain. Twice he opened his mouth to speak, then drew his lips into a thin, red line.

"Have you nothing to say?" the Colonel asked, and his tone was kinder.

Carlos shook his head. He licked his dry lips, and pulled at the collar of his tunic.

"You will be shot as a traitor," the calm voice said.

Squaring his shoulders, Carlos burst out excitedly:

"I am no traitor. I have fought against you, and I am now your prisoner. As a volunteer for you I have not killed one man. Just now I overheard some words of my dying father. They struck home, and I realised the folly of acting on my thoughts. You can shoot me as a spy."

Placing his hand heavily on the young man's shoulder, the Colonel said quietly:

"I appreciate your confession. The Royalist army has no fear of you—a man of honour; you are free to go where you will."

Carlos paled. He realised the full significance of the words.

Later, he knelt on the plain by his father's body.

. . . . . .

Once more it was night. The smell of garlic was in the air, and the room was the same. Fireflies flitted around the smoking torch, which caused a pot of oleanders to glow redly from the window seat.

Two women sat lost in thought on either side of a table littered with the remains of a meal. They had heard no news since the beloved ones had departed, and the anxious uncertainty had whitened the elder woman's hair.

A click of the latch broke the intense silence. Amelie looked up as the door opened and then closed.

With a scream she rose and flung herself into his arms. The mother, too, had risen. She gazed beyond him, as if looking for someone. Seeing that Carlos was alone, a suspicion cause her to question eagerly. "Your father! Where is he?"

Carlos hurried towards her, Amelie still clinging to his arm.

Her piercing scream sent shivers down his spine.

"Like a true soldier, father fell whilst fighting."

"It is a lie; it is not true," she said in a loud, ringing voice. Then she pleaded: "Carlos, my son, say it is not true?" She staggered against the wall, a hunted look creeping into her eyes. "Oh, you need not answer, my heart tells me."

She went into an inner room, and when Amelie would have followed, she said abruptly, "Leave me alone."

For a time the lovers only remembered they loved each other.

"They will not order you to the frontier again?" she asked presently.

Carlos was silent.

"Speak, dear."

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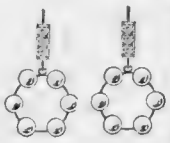

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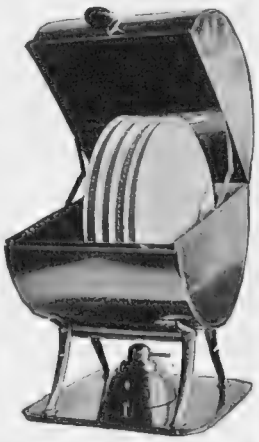

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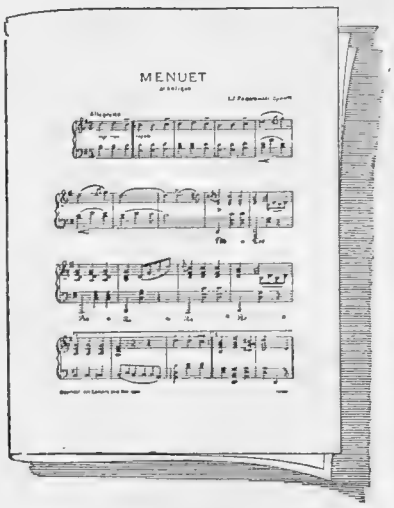

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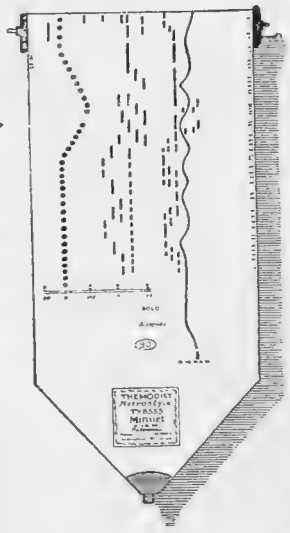

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Lifting his eyebrows, he shrugged his shoulders "I must tell you what has happened on the frontier," he answered slowly. Then he told her of his thoughts and actions, and his subsequent freedom offered by the Royalist Colonel.

"Of course, you will have to leave the army," Amelie said, when he had finished.

After a long pause, Carlos explained gently: "You do not understand, dear heart. The Colonel gave me my freedom because he thought me a man of honour. He desired me to be honest with the Republican authorities. I have written a full confession to the Minister of War. At any moment I expect to be arrested."

A choking sound issued from Amelie's bloodless lips. "They must grant you a free pardon at the trial," she managed to say.

Carlos held her closer. Not daring to gaze into her sad eyes, he held her face against his breast. "Nowadays there are no trials. Once a man or woman enters the gaol as a political suspect, he is never heard of again."

Shudders shook the girl's frame. Carlos's head bent lower until his cheek rested on her dusky curls. "I shall not enter the gaol gates. I am a traitor——." He broke off with a mirthless laugh. Then he demanded cruelly: "Do you know the traitor's fate?" He held her away from him, the better to watch her suffering.

"He—is—shot," she gasped slowly.

Again he embraced her, pressing hot kisses on her lips. "My dear," he exclaimed brokenly.

Pushing her away, he knelt by the table, and sobbed helplessly.

Footsteps were heard outside. With military precision they halted at the door. There was a loud knock, and the door was flung open. Carlos sprang to his feet. Mechanically, he saluted the officer standing on the threshold. Amelie flung herself on her knees, imploring the officer to deal leniently with her betrothed. Leaning forward, Carlos lifted her on to a chair. Placing himself before her, he asked, in a quiet voice: "Your errand, signors?"

Without speaking, the officer handed Carlos a roll of parchment.

Not troubling to break the seal, Carlos flung it across the room.

"Oh, I know what you have come for. I am ready to go with you."

There was a dead silence. Seeing the officer grinning sardonically, Carlos repeated savagely, "I am ready to go, I say. Call your men forward."

The officer stepped into the room. "You go too fast, my friend. The parchment which you threw away contains good news. Colonel Paez, from the Royalist lines, has appealed to the Republican Government. You are a free man on condition that you retire from the Republican army, and swear that you will not fight for the Royalist cause. Are you agreed?"

Amelie slipped before Carlos. "You can take his sword. I want the man, not the soldier." Tears streamed down her cheeks.

The officer smiled, though his look still questioned Carlos.

Placing his hands on the girl's shoulders, Carlos looked over her head, saying: "She has spoken for me, signor."

With a pang he handed over his sword.

There was a murmured command, a cheery "Adieu," and the door closed with a bang.

The lovers were alone. EUPHRASIA LEWIS

"PEGGY"

Still smiling and springy after her long run at the Gaiety Theatre

BUCHANAN'S

Scotch Whisky

DEPARTURE OF THE YORK COACH FROM THE BLACK SWAN DISTILLERY, HOLBORN (1706)

"Black & White" BRAND

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

TAKING STOCK: SECOND ARTICLE

The Players

When the end of a year arrives the question is generally asked, has the form of the leading players improved or deteriorated when compared with previous years? This question can hardly ever be answered with accuracy. Clubs, balls, and courses rarely remain the same from one year to another, and, therefore, the task of comparing the records of one year with those of another is, to a considerable extent, futile. For instance, it would be clearly useless to compare the score with which the Open Championship was won this year at Sandwich with former Championship scores on that course, for this year the course was radically altered in many of its salient features, the resultant effect being that it became a much more difficult and searching test of a player's powers than it had ever been before. Again, even if the ball, the clubs, and the length of the individual holes of Championship courses were severely and accurately standardised, so that all players should be bound to play with one sort of ball, one pattern of clubs, and over courses of similar length in all particulars, yet that blessed outside agency, the wind, combined with the ever-varying weather, would be quite enough to vitiate all comparison of records.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR GIRLS: CADDY-ETTES IN COUNTY CORK

The employment of girls as caddies is by no means unusual on the Continent, but in the British Isles it is rare. Our illustration is, therefore, interesting as showing that girl-caddies are employed at Little Island, Co. Cork

The Old Brigade Still Lead

The inquirer must, therefore, be guided by general impressions. Judging in this way, I should not be inclined to say that the standard of play has improved this year. Both the Championships rather go to confirm this impression. In both the older men held their own against the younger aspirants. Now, as a rule, if the standard of a game is going to be raised in any degree it will be done by some young genius arising, such as a young Roberts at billiards or a W. G. Grace at cricket, who breaks fresh ground, and with whose efforts the older men have to keep pace if they are not to be outdistanced. The older men, after a certain lapse of time, can hardly be expected to do more than maintain the standard of their best years, they are not likely to be endued with some fresh and miraculous powers enabling them to set up new standards. If this is to be done, it must be done by the younger men, who bring fresh blood and ability to bear on the problem. But I can, as yet, see no sign of the younger men in either camp performing this feat.

A Possible Supplanter

The one man who may yet set a fresh standard is George Duncan, who undoubtedly possesses the genius for accomplishing feats which shall set the game on a higher plane than it has yet occupied. But although both last year and this he set a pace which was such a cracker that if he had maintained it no other player could have lived with him, he broke down lamentably in later rounds, and allowed the steady old hands to beat him. With Duncan it is merely a question of temperament, and when he has achieved the same mastery over that uncertain element of his equipment as he has attained over the club and the ball, we shall undoubtedly see him setting up fresh records and standards of efficiency.

Summing-Up

Summed-up briefly, the year may be taken as a fresh triumph for the old brigade. Among the amateurs it is, of course, Mr. Hilton's year *par excellence*, while among the professionals Harry Vardon and Braid, as the winners of the Open Championship and the *News of the World* tournament respectively, stand out once more as pre-eminent.

ERNEST LEHMANN

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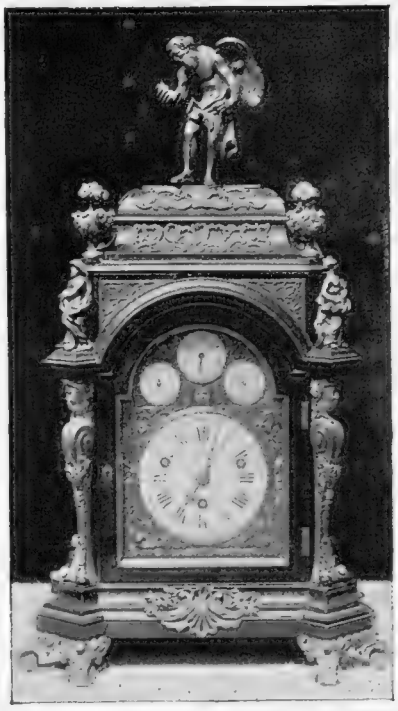

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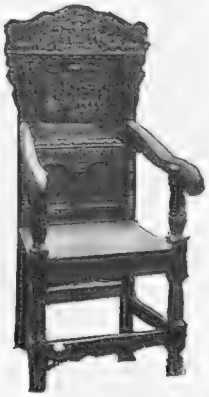

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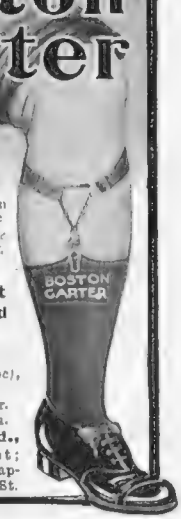

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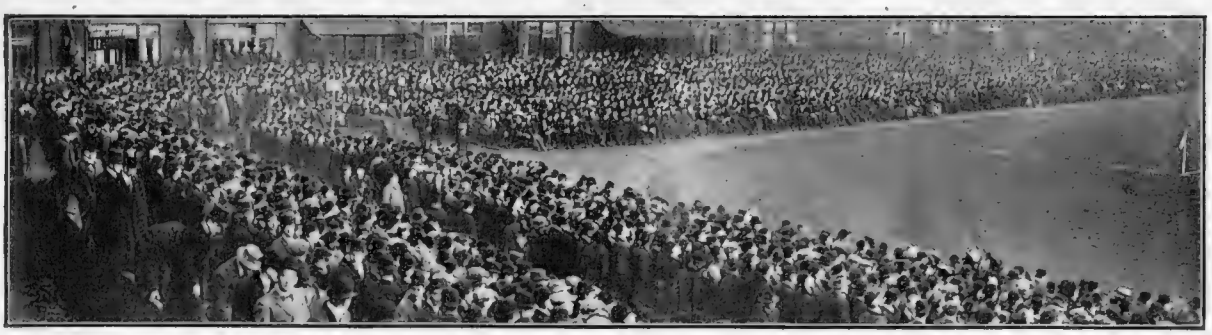

THE SCENE AT QUEEN'S CLUB: A SECTION OF THE "GALLERY"

The attendance—upwards of 16,000 paid for admission—constituted a record for the match. Hundreds saw nothing except the ball when it was in the air, and it has been freely suggested that better accommodation for onlookers should be provided in future

THE 'VARSITY RUGGER MATCH

That Fatal Eight Minutes

Three weeks ago, when speculating upon the chances of the rival teams, I wrote: "Unless one set of forwards can absolutely beat the other, the dominating factor of the game will be the half-back play. Herein I think the advantage rests with Oxford." This was a fairly accurate forecast. As a matter of fact, although the Oxford forwards were better all round than the Cambridge—even when they were only seven to eight—neither pack absolutely beat the other in actual scrummage work. In fact, Cambridge got the ball rather more often than Oxford, but Cheesman and Knott were a better pair of half-backs than Cumberlege and Will, and their play—Knott's in particular—turned the scale in Oxford's favour. But the course of events was by no means ordinary. Oxford started confidently, Cambridge "jumpily," and those three thrilling tries scored by Oxford in the first eight minutes settled the business. It reduced the Light Blues to a condition of demoralisation from which they never wholly recovered. Even Poulton's disablement did not restore the balance; it only reduced the Oxford rate of scoring. And so it came about that the match could not by any stretch of imagination be described as a great one.

A NEAR THING

How W. P. Geen almost gained a try for Oxford in the first half. The ball escaped from his hands as he fell, and rolled over the line

Cambridge's Tactical Errors

In the position in which they found themselves at the end of that (to them) fatal eight minutes, it was obviously Cambridge's job to try and score at all risks; it was no good trying merely to keep the Oxford score down. There were eleven points to be knocked off, and yet the Cambridge "threes" stood nearly in line; they never gave themselves a chance; when they got the ball they had to run towards the touch-lines in order to get up their pace. It was a case of "football made easy" for Oxford. With Poulton sound, Oxford would have won by a good forty points. As it was, they won more easily than the score (19-0) indicates. I need not repeat the praise which has already been bestowed in the Press upon various members of the winning side, but Cheesman certainly deserves a special pat on the back for his fine throwing in. He can throw three-parts of the way across the ground if he wants to, and to any particular spot within that distance; and he nearly always throws dead straight.

H. S. S.

H. S. BULLOCK, THE BURLY AUSTRALIAN FORWARD, SCORES OXFORD'S THIRD TRY

This was the third of the three tries scored in the first eight minutes which completely upset the Cambridge apple-cart

RACING: Steeplechasing Reflections.

BY CARBINE

Popularity of the Sport

There have been unmistakable signs of the vitality of National Hunt racing at recent meetings. Many people consider steeplechasing a far finer sport than flat-racing, and it seems a pity that racecourse authorities do not find it possible further to popularise jumping meetings by establishing richer races for 'chasers, and by so doing bring an improved lot of horses into the game. Owners are grumbling because they cannot possibly make both ends meet, and I heard the other day of a gallant old 'chaser who had actually won twelve races this year, but had a balance on the wrong side when all the expenses incurred in running him were deducted. Obviously, winter racing is not so profitable to racecourse executives as flat-racing, but in the cases of the park meetings there is certainly room for more generous provision for 'chasers, and I think it would pay the race companies in the long run.

The Thrills of 'Chasing

One often hears the relative merits of 'chasing and flat-racing discussed from the spectators' point of view. Some men who never miss a flat meeting of importance are never to be seen at a jumping gathering, excepting, maybe, at the Grand National. They declare that 'chasing bores them. On the other hand, hundreds of enthusiasts welcome the start of the winter racing. "Thank goodness the sprinting season is all over," they say; "now we shall see some real sport." Personally, I can be thrilled by the struggle of a couple of high-class two-year-olds over a five-furlong course, and I can watch with equal interest the gallant efforts of some tough old 'chasers over a three-mile course. Perhaps there are more thrills and more variety in jumping than in flat-racing, for in a well-run race there is excitement at every jump, and though, as a rule, we often miss the keen finishes of the summer season, it can be said of steeplechases that no race is over until the last jump has been cleared, however far one horse may be leading.

Selections for Newbury

There is always good jumping at Newbury, where the best racing of the present week will be seen. On Wednesday the Reading Steeplechase should produce an excellent contest with such good jumpers as Bornalira, Clondalkin, Prefect, Jack Symons, and others engaged. Mr. Percy Whitaker's stable is in such irresistible form just now that it may add to a long list of successes with **Prefect** or **Clondalkin.** On the same afternoon the Suffolk Amateur Steeplechase may be won by **Another Delight,** and for the Juvenile Hurdle Race my selection is **Rock Dust.** On the second day the chief event will be the Berkshire Hurdle Race, which **Shaccabac** should win, while for the Lambourn Steeplechase I choose **Sprinkle Me.** At Kempton Park on Boxing Day, **Master Mine** is worth nothing for the Christmas Hurdle Handicap.

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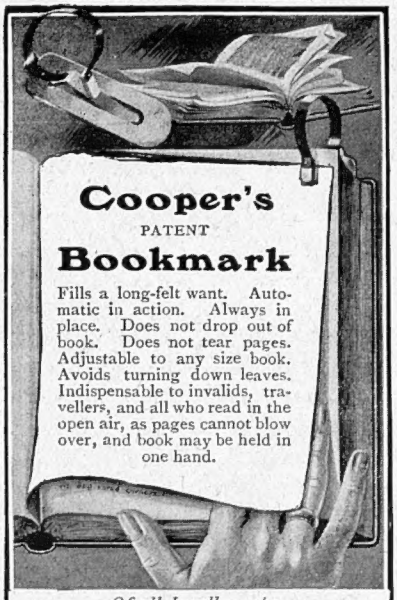

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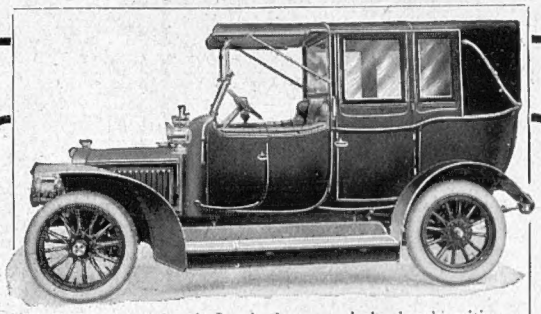

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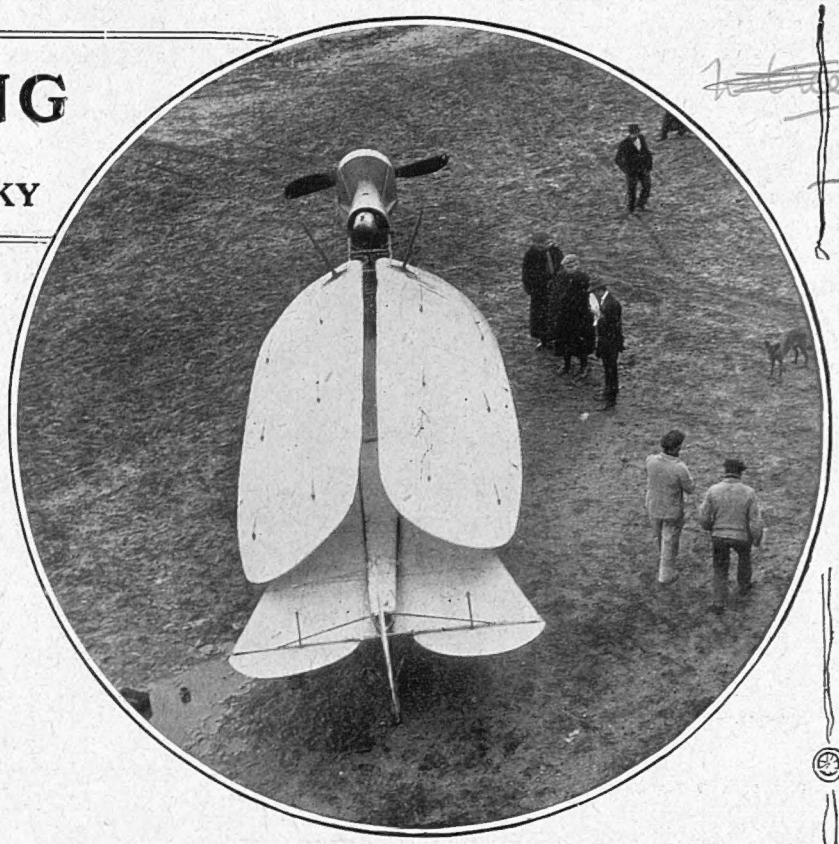

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From East to West

OBSERVE how wisdom still arises in the East and travels to the outer darkness of the West in strict accordance with historic precedent. Science, literature, and the arts; ethics, the institutions of culture, and that economic evolution which is at the base of all, we build in all these things to-day upon nothing so surely as the foundations the East has digged for us, and, although, perhaps, in diminishing measure, still digs. Take one, a matter of minor seeming, but of enormous potentiality—a motor matter, dropping into our legitimate sphere in doing it, and so dodging the risk of trespass upon the field of others. The plodding, painstaking, scientific exactitude of the Teuton gave us the light internal combustion engine. The imagination of the Gaul seized upon it and commenced the great exploitation. We arrived later. The American, to generalise, came in third. That is the very near East, truly, but still it is the East, and the trend westward. To-day we have hope of dominion over France; and America—well, America holds a menace for *us*.

The Rise of America

Consider the manner of the motor's exploitation through the race game and the contest of speed, and the demonstration of mechanical efficiency expressed through such. France led, and still acknowledges the value of the classic race, although, in the main, France is absorbed in the development, through the same means, of the air machine. We (meaning Great Britain) passed quickly through our racing stage, and, like unimaginative and hard-headed two-and-a-half per cent. industrialists, dropped out, unwisely, as I believe. Now, American racing is at the flood of its popularity. We begin to perceive that, on the evidence of fiercest track and road competition, the American car counts. The American vehicle is qualified to stand in the market of the world over against some of the world's best, and we, who were given to a fine disdain of automobile engineering according to Brother Jonathan, commence to rub our eyes and cogitate, being assisted by the arrival of a small army of American machines claiming and receiving the favourable consideration of the British motorist.

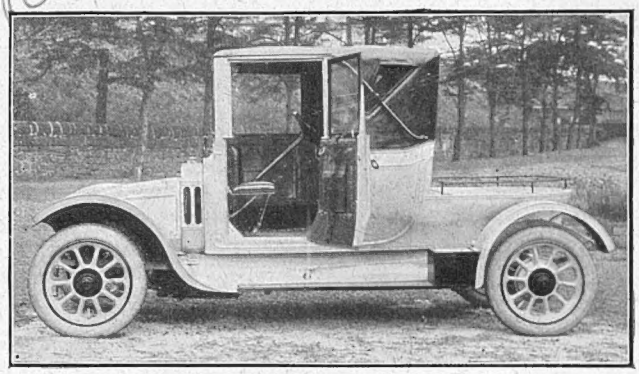
Essays in Publicity

There is some need for eye-rubbing. We are much too young an industry to be afflicted with any serious attack of industrial ophthalmia. We have the cars, we have the men, and, yes, we have the money too; and there is no obvious reason why we should not use them. The commercial value of the publicity involved in a car competition is high. Why should we waste it? The view most often expressed is to the effect that racing was once necessary to the development of the automobile, but is not necessary now. As a matter of fact, that was not the prime function of a competition at all. Its real utility consisted in its value as an advertising medium. Public attention was concentrated upon the competitors. Most of the great names attached to the most popular cars of to-day were made in competition. Having made great names it is pardonable for the manufacturers of these cars to oppose the idea of a continuance of competitions. But it is not necessarily wise. Like any other commodity, a car has to keep itself in the public eye or it will drop in public favour by comparison with the machine that is continually doing strenuous things and demonstrating its efficiency in striking ways.

Revive the Competition

There is a very strong desire on the part of the manufacturers and concessionaires of cars which have yet to win great names, for a revival of some form of utility competiton, such as a reliability trial. During the last show, for example, inquiries established the existence of a strong feeling in favour of the resuscitation of the Scottish Reliability Trial. The

fact that a number of British cars enter for French races is at least evidence that the value of a race is still appreciated in some quarters. Why, then, should we sacrifice a weapon of such utility when it can be used with obvious effect. If racing was killed in every country except America, the American car would get a publicity and patronage much in excess, probably, of its value, and, doubtless, to the detriment of the British vehicle. If upon the track or upon the road in competition, a particular type of American car won a great name for itself as a speed machine, a durable machine, or a specially efficient machine, and its representation was secured in this country, undoubtedly it would be hailed as an accession by our market, and supported upon its reputation.



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A Great People

It is time, therefore, to reconsider our position in relation to competitions. I speak from the point of view of the private owner when I say that the reliability trial or the race is a matter of much interest and of much value. I speak from the point of view of a considerable number of manufacturers and concessionaires when I say that a competition of some sort, but particularly a competition on reliability trial lines, would be welcomed. As a matter of fact, the people who steadfastly oppose the idea are, mainly, the people who have themselves won their present position very largely out of such competitions. Is it not possible, then, to cast back a little to those interesting forms of publicity? France is making a great effort to regain lost ground. She is doing it through the race and by reviving the annual show at the Grand Palais. Yet, at the very time when her activity and obvious purpose are most marked, we are, once again, considering whether it would not be desirable for us to close down even our Olympia Exhibition! Indeed and indeed, we are a great people!

A Correction

We regret that, owing to a printer's error, the price of a pair of fine quality diamond earrings at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company was given as £6 6s. in our Christmas number. It should, of course, have been £66.

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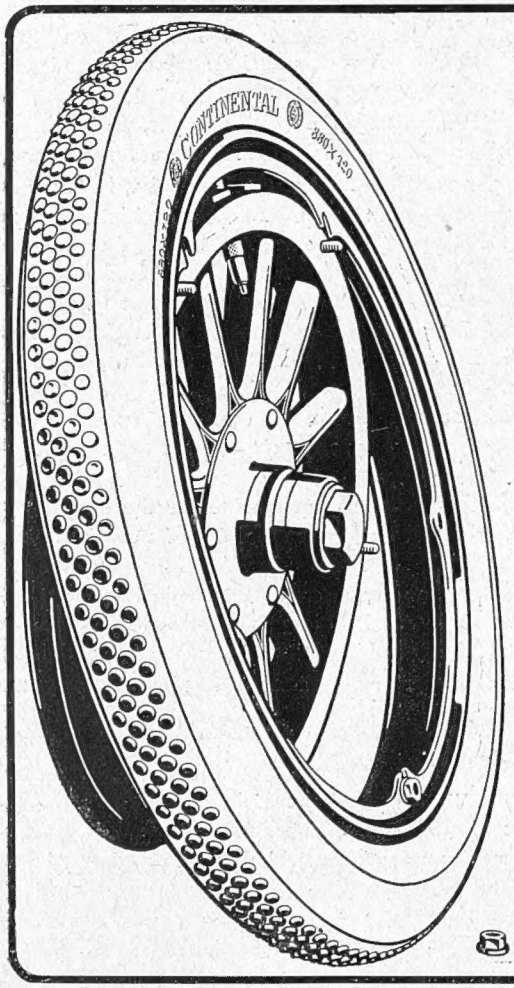

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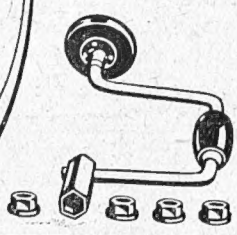

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